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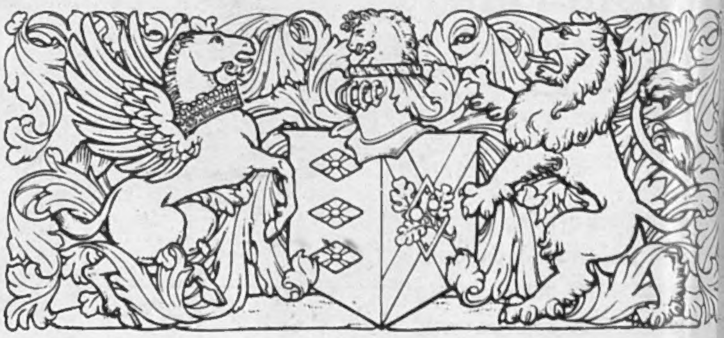

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1952

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

HURTLING THROUGH . . .

A fluff of snow gives some indication of the speed at which Peter Kirwan Taylor is coming down in the Slalom Race at Klosters ; he finished third and at twenty-one is one of Britain's outstanding Olympic hopes. He joined the Rifle Brigade for his National Service, served in B.A.O.R., where he was a member of the ski team, then went to Cambridge and became a member of the Cambridge University ski team. As a schoolboy at Winchester he won the Duke of Kent's Cup and was awarded the Gold Lion for racing in the same year ; has been a member of the British ski team since 1949.

St. Moritz is certainly one of the most famous winter sports playgrounds. The weather there has not been very good this year, but there have been plenty of visitors, including many British, managing cleverly on their £50. There are more winter sports pictures and news overleaf.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

ON his way to the Canaries by the time this appears will be Sir Harry Brittain, who, I suppose, has contrived to pack more into a lifetime than most people. I must say I envy him. He will find those lovely islands—where I have myself bathed and got painfully sunburnt in mid-December—at their very best, with the banana crop just about fully ripened (and are there any bananas anywhere in the world better than those little Canary ones ?). Sir Harry told me a curious thing—that there is no book in English on Tenerife—to my mind the more attractive of the two major islands, the other being Las Palmas. Before the Spaniards conquered the Canaries, the islands were inhabited by a strange Indian race, believed to be ethnologically connected with the Aztecs and Incas of Mexico and Latin-America, called the Guanches. Virtually nothing is now known about this vanished race. I, however, cherish a thought that one day I may retire to Santa Cruz de Tenerife and devote my declining years to a colossal monograph entitled something like *Little-known Marital Rituals of the Vanished Guanche Race*. It will be a natural, because nobody else will know anything about the subject. Or at least I hope there will be one other so-called authority, with whom I can engage in happy, irascible controversy in scientific magazines.

Sir Harry, who has, I suppose, visited most countries in the world, tells me that it is his first visit to the Canaries. He has, however, made fifty-three crossings of the Atlantic by sea, thus getting the edge on those other indefatigable Transatlantic travellers, Sir Alexander Maxwell, chairman of the British Travel and Holidays Association, and Sir William Rootes, chairman of the Dollar Exports Council. In addition, he has done it four times by air. The figure of fifty-three crossings is puzzling

because, on the face of it, it would leave Sir Harry perpetually on the other side, but as he rightly points out, the world is round, and he has at least once come back from the States by coming round it.

WHEN he comes back there will be a big dinner of the "Pilgrims" to Mr. Anthony Eden. Sir Harry is the virtual creator of the "Pilgrims," that admirable Anglo-American society, as he is the founder of the Imperial Press conference and the Empire Press Union. Few people, even including the two gentlemen I mentioned earlier, have quite such a knowledge of the United States. He once startled the taciturn Cal Coolidge into voluble speech by betting him that he had been in more States in the Union than the President. He was able to prove to Cal Coolidge that he had been in all forty-eight States, whereas the President was six short of the total. During his mission to Washington as Ambassador, Lord Halifax made it his job to tour all of the different States. As his total mounted he used to send messages to Sir Harry indicating his progress, finally ending with a telegram which ran: "Caught up with you." Sir Harry's feat in making Coolidge talk was the more remarkable when one remembers the famous story of the President attending divine service and on his return somebody asking him what the sermon was about. "Sin," replied the President. "Well, what did he say about it?" asked his friend. "He were agin it"!

On one occasion Sir Harry Brittain was asked, a very rare honour for a foreigner, to do the Armistice Day address over the air, over a nation-wide N.B.C. hook-up. Hardly had he finished before the announcer came in and said: "Your first fan is on the telephone." Sir Harry went to the telephone, and a girl with a charming voice said: "Say, Sir Harry, this is Phyllis. I sure loved your address." To which Sir Harry replied: "Say, Phyllis, I'd sure love yours!" She replied: "My! That's smart for an Englishman!" Somehow or other this got into the press, and the *New York World* told the story under the heading: "The Britisher who don't go to sleep in the soup."

I WAS delighted to see the description, in a popular daily newspaper, of how the Royal family, plus Lord Dalkeith and Viscount [*sic*] Mountbatten, had spent more than five hours "stalking pheasants." It conjures up a delightful vision of the Royal party, no doubt gillie accompanied, wriggling with their rifles across the mountainous moors of Sandringham. However, I must confess that I have myself stalked a pheasant. Some years ago I shared a rough shoot on the Essex marshes with two or three friends. It was excellent for flighting, well endowed with rabbits, snipe, and a certain number of partridges, but there was only one pheasant on the whole shoot. He was an elderly cock of incredible cunning. We often saw him, but nothing we could do ever enabled us to get on terms with him. Finally, we even tried to shoot him with a ·22 rifle at about 100 yards' range. His ultimate fate was a sad one. One August day, just after the opening of the duck-shooting season, Jim Wentworth Day shot him in mistake for a rabbit while he was doing his usual trick of running stealthily through the long grass. His spurs were about one inch long. He was literally greatly missed.

Incidentally, now that the shooting season is over, I still believe in the theory that one should shoot "cocks only" early in the season. To begin with, if one wishes to reduce the proportion of cocks to hens, that is the only time really to get on terms with them. Secondly, it enables one to shoot the old cocks before they have taught the young ones—and some of the hens—the wilier arts of evasion. Thirdly, whereas hens are scarcely worth shooting at the beginning of the season, by the end when, on a "cocks only" day, no cocks put in an appearance, the hens fly remarkably well. However, I should very much like to hear the views of those readers who are interested in this subject.

RECENTLY I referred to the story of the æsthete who led a lobster on the end of a gold chain and when asked why, replied: "Ah! It knows the secrets of the deep and does not bark." I mentioned that I had heard it attributed to a number of leading figures from Harold Acton to Oscar Wilde. I now discover, thanks to an interesting letter from a reader, that the story is over 110 years old. The French writer Gérard de Nerval first made the remark about 1840, it being recorded in his biography as follows:

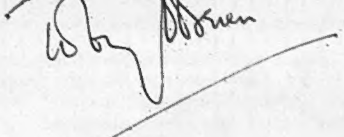
> *Un homard est-il donc plus ridicule qu'un chien, un chat . . . ou que tout autre bête dont on se fait suivre? J'ai le goût des homards, qui sont tranquilles, sérieux, savent les secrets de la mer et n'aboyent pas. . . .*

Gérard de Nerval used to exercise his "tranquil and serious" lobster on the end of a lead through the Palais Royal.

Eric Shipton, the leader of the Everest expedition, whom I have not seen since we were stranded together in Lagos during the war, is getting a little tired, I gather, of the "Abominable Snowman," whose tracks he photographed on his recent reconnaissance. I cull, however, from my distinguished contemporary the *St. Ronan's School Magazine*, the following definition: "Abominable Snowmen are brave but very stupid because all they do is climb high mountains and all they do is either die of no oxygen and break their necks."

SOMETHING I am greatly looking forward to seeing is the new version of *Quo Vadis?* I remember with joy that in its original form the Empress Poppeia, who was making a pass at the young Roman centurion, said: "Say, cain't you call me Pahpy?"—an immortal piece of dialogue which I hope has been retained. Another piece of film dialogue, the memory of which I cherish, is the immortal conversation between Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Sister of England, Queen Elizabeth, of which the late Mr. Edward Knoblock told me. He was hired by one of the great Hollywood tycoons, at a huge sum, as his "historical expert." For some months he sat in a magnificent office drawing a huge pay cheque, but with nothing to do. Finally, he was invited on to the set. Mary, Queen of Scots, justly indignant with Queen Elizabeth (whom I think she never in actual fact ever met), put her hands on her hips and turned to her with the words: "I'm on to you, Queen Elizabeth!" Eddie Knoblock ventured to interfere to say that he was sure it was very dramatic, but it was not very Elizabethan. Whereupon the tycoon said: "Boys, you hear what Mr. Knoblock says. Go away and make it Elizabethan by to-morrow morning—or else." The finest scenarists and script-writers of the studio sat up all night with towels round their heads and highballs in their hands. Next morning they informed the boss that they sure had made it Elizabethan, and the scene was shot again. This time Mary, Queen of Scots, said: "I'm on to you, Queen Elizabeth—forsooth!"

THE exhibition of Old Master drawings from the collection of Sir Bruce Ingram, which is now on view at Colnaghi's in Old Bond Street, is one I must recommend. Sir Bruce is, of course, famous as a collector, and a generous one at that. He is always ready to lend his lovely things for the use of students, or in a good cause. In this case the cause is that of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, and those who attend the exhibition will not only have the opportunity of seeing this fine collection, but will be able to feel that they are supporting an excellent charity at the same time.



SKI-SHY

Each year so many people go
To sport themselves on foreign snow,
And I myself am also one
Who revels in the winter sun,
Who, dressed in natty little suits,
Equipped in balaclava, boots,
Delight in all there is to see
Provided I don't have to ski.

Suppose I spent my holiday
Strung up in bed in some châlet,
Returning supine, racked in pain
Upon a stretcher in the train,
As many people do, I fear,
Upon their journey home each year,
Who might have missed such agony
If only they'd forbore to ski.

There seems to me so little point
In cracking up an ankle joint,
The possibility of which
Seems likelier each time I pitch,
And though I do not really mind
Descending slopes on my behind,
There's much more fun, it seems to me
If only no one makes me ski.

Swiss owners of hotels please note
I've booked my passage on the boat,
I've haunted every sports-wear shop
Till circumstances made me stop,
I'm coming for two blissful weeks
Beneath your sunny, sparkling peaks,
For that is what they'll surely be
Provided I don't have to ski.

PAMELA STREET.

SIGNPOST TO PLEASURE. Every name on the famous signpost has happy associations for winter sports lovers. Colonel R. I. C. Blenkinsop and his son Robert are just off on a downhill run from Corviglia Station; their home is at Banchory, Scotland.

DISCUSSION GROUP. Colonel R. Readhead, Mr. Arnold Lunn and Mr. Jack Schalman, President of the British Universities Ski Club, discuss the races.

WITH HIS FIANCÉE, Miss Julia Ogden, is Peter Kirwan Taylor, one of the hopes for the British Olympics Ski Team (see our frontispiece).

STAYING AT SUVRETTA HOUSE. Mr. H. W. Hamilton and his son James at the Chantarella funicular halt. All the hotels are well patronised.

CIGARETTES AFTER THE RACE. Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood with Mr. Lionel Thompson relax and smoke. Mr. Thompson took a party to the races; the exciting Roberts of Kandahar event is just over.

FAMILY PARTY. Colonel and Mrs. Archie Crabbe, of Aberdeen, with their son Colin and daughter Olivia. They are on the Kulm rink, deciding how to spend their day.

THE DOWNHILL ONLY CLUB. Here is the D.H.O. team before taking part in the Roberts of Kandahar race. Left to right: Dick Edmonds, Peter Fanghanel, the team's captain, Oskar Gertsch (Swiss trainer), David Cornwell, Michael Hankey, Willy Cave and Nigel Gardner.

CAPTAIN OF THE LADIES' TEAM. Miss Sheena Mackintosh before the start of the Slalom Race which she won by three seconds.

Focus on ST. MORITZ

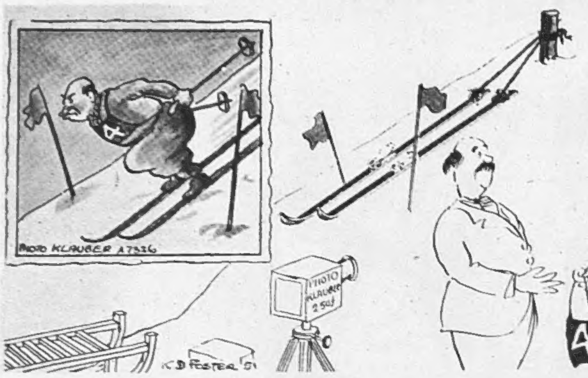
St. Moritz means luxe and celebrities, especially to people old enough to remember the 'twenties and 'thirties. It was certainly winter sports on velvet (including "black velvet") in those days, and it still manages to be gay and exciting. It caters for people of all ages, abilities and inclinations, who can meander gently down the nursery slopes on skis; hurtle dangerously down the famous Cresta on luges or bobsleighs; skate, curl, dance; make friends and enjoy the sun on the Christmas-cake snow. On these pages we show you some of this year's visitors hard at play, and we think they prove that the famous St. Moritz atmosphere has survived the recent horrors of both war and peace.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

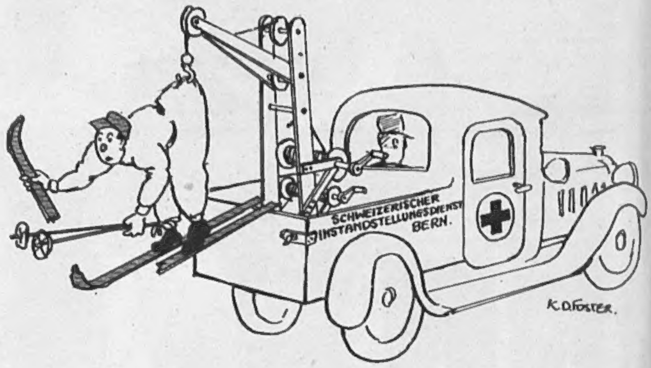
Right: TRAINING FOR THE OLYMPICS. The British Ladies' ski team is training for the Olympics at St. Moritz. Left to right: Sheila Read, Adeline Pryor, Hilary Laing and Sheena Mackintosh.

FROM SINGAPORE. On the Palace Hotel rink almost every day are Mr. and Mrs. Day and their daughter Muriel; also in the picture is their niece, Miss Kristen Leechman, of Bexhill. The Days come from Singapore and seem to enjoy St. Moritz very much.

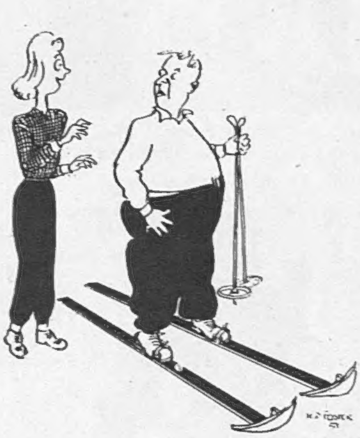
STARS ON SKIS. John Clements and his wife Kay Hammond are having a holiday from their busy life on stage and radio, which included, last year, the long run of *Man and Superman*, with the *Don Juan in Hell* act as a once-weekly extra.



A most magnificent style . . . or was it ?



Returned Damaged in Transit.



Laugh if you like, but it 's better to be safe than sorry.

THE 1952 SKI-ING SEASON

By Our Swiss Correspondent

FOR those who like to spend the winter exploiting the force of gravity, the 1951-52 season opened badly. To start with, Mr. Butler tightened up the leg-irons by halving the currency allowance and then the shortage of francs was followed by a shortage of snow. Up to the end of December there was little or no ski-ing to be had under 6000 ft., and 6000 ft. is quite a height. However, the snow came on Boxing Day and thereafter conditions have been good for all the major races.

The first event of the season was the Oxford *v.* Cambridge Inter-University race at Selva, in the Dolomites. The Oxford captain, Douglas Mackintosh, won both the slalom and the straight race and his opposite number in the Cambridge team, Stuart Parkinson, was second in both races. However, the final result of a team race depends on mathematical calculations even more abstruse than those connected with yacht-racing and after the judges had wrestled for a time with logarithms, the Cambridge team came out as the winners. Incidentally, Selva was chosen by the University ski clubs as their headquarters for the season and, during December, the village was almost entirely filled with University skiers. These communal arrangements enabled the organisers to provide a remarkably cheap holiday. For example, the train fare right across Kent, France, Switzerland and southern Austria to the Italian Alps was only £12—needless to say, one travelled " hard."

From Selva the racers crossed into Switzerland for the Roberts of Kandahar at St. Moritz on Jan. 4 and thence to Klosters for the British Championship on Jan. 9. The latter event had a sad prelude in the still-unexplained death of Jimmy Palmer-Tompkinson, who was killed while helping to set the course for the downhill race.

One of the features of the season has been the continued success of John Boyagis, who easily retained his title as British ski champion and who again won the Roberts of Kandahar. Apart from being a born skier, Boyagis has the advantage of having spent his youth in Switzerland and of being employed by an oil company in London that takes a lenient view of prolonged leave of absence for training.

Britain's chance of ever regaining her pre-war place in international ski-racing is a subject on which few ski-ing authorities agree, but there *are* encouraging signs of a new generation of young racers coming along. For this we have to thank the training schemes that have been started up in various centres during the last few seasons ; one of these being sponsored by the Downhill Only Club of Wengen. The D.H.O. started life twenty-six years ago as a racing club and is closely associated with the early history of ski-racing. However, after the first few years, the racing side of the club suffered atrophy, and it was only last year that Mr. Barnard-Hankey, one of the Vice-Presidents, sought to revive it by starting a scheme for training promising young racers. As a trainer Mr. Barnard-Hankey is unique in that he manages to get his charges out for P.T. at 7.30 a.m., followed by a run (on foot) before breakfast. This is a step in the right direction, as observers have frequently commented on the poor training discipline of British teams as compared with their Continental and American rivals. One reason for this is, of course, that in the post-war years the British have naturally been tempted to take advantage of the fact that they were out of reach of Sir Stafford Cripps's cane, whereas the non-austerity nations had little reason to resist strict training for a comparatively short period. Whatever the causes, these young D.H.O. trainees have done well. In the Grand Slalom at St. Moritz they raced against an international field, including Swiss, Austrians, etc., and Nigel Gardiner and David Cornwell finished fifth and seventh respectively, being ahead of most of the British Olympic team. In the Roberts of Kandahar, Michael Hankey was fifth out of a field of forty, and his half-sisters Meriel and Belinda Gold (who are both in their early teens) were first and third in the Junior Championship at Mürren. Whether these young skiers can be encouraged to F.I.S. standards remains to be seen, but there are those who have hopes.

The joke drawings on this page, by Kenneth D. Foster, are reproduced by courtesy of Downhill Only, *the journal of the Downhill Only Club of Wengen, of which Mr. Foster is a Founder-member and has been President for four seasons.*

" What I adore about ski-ing is the sensation of floating through space."

Appropriate resistance needed.

" Do you reckon he got vertigo? "
" About another six hundred feet."

J. Boyagis, the new British ski champion, hurtling along in the Downhill Race, which he won in 2 mins. 42·4 secs. He also won the Slalom in 38·8 secs. and 39 secs. in the afternoon.

Noel Harrison was second in both the Downhill and Slalom races, with the times of 2 mins. 48·4 secs. in the former, 41 and 42·6 secs. in the latter.

Sandy Whitelaw, who was third in the Downhill Race and fifth in the Slalom; two such races in one day is a feat.

R. de Larinaga, who was fourth in the Downhill Race, seen here at speed in the Slalom, in which he finished sixth. Times were very good and the races most exciting to watch.

YOUTH ON SKIS

Britain's Olympic Hopes in Conquering Mood

Young British skiers are giving grounds for hope that we may improve our position in international ski-racing. John Boyagis, who won both the Slalom and Downhill races, heads the list for the Olympic team, of which he was a member in 1948. He has won many awards and championships, including that of the Army for three years in succession and the British Men's championship for 1951. Other hopefuls here are Noel Harrison, the seventeen-year-old son of Rex Harrison and winner of a Silver Lion in 1951; Sandy Whitelaw, twenty-two, who did his National Service in the Blues and won the Gold Lion in 1950, and Rupert de Larinaga, twenty-two, who was a member of the B.A.O.R. ski team and won a Silver Lion in 1951.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Schmelz.

Sir Wavell Wakefield, having just skied down the course after the race, with Herr N. C. Cachin, of the Klosters Tourist Office, who did much, with local help, to prepare the course.

MISS BRUNTON AS MONIMIA IN "THE ORPHAN"; by Thomas Stothard, R.A., who, orphaned at five, taught himself to draw and paint and was an Academician before he was forty.

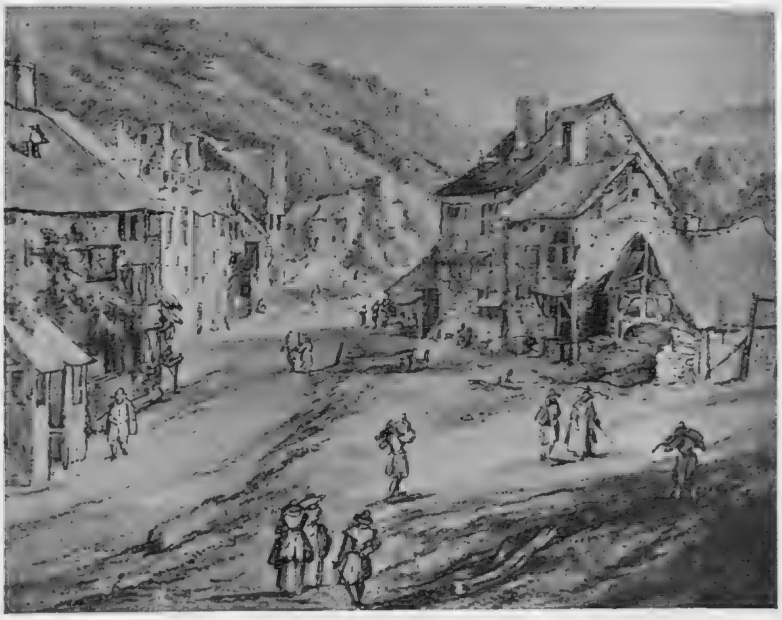
THE ANTIQUARY; by Thomas Rowlandson. This typical Rowlandson character would undoubtedly have quizzed Miss Brunton if he had seen her.

THE PURVEYOR FOR THE EMBASSY A MACAO; by William Alexander, who drew i when he went to China as draughtsman in t suite of the Ambassador, Lord Macartney.

THE EXTINGUISHER; by George Dance. Painters and writ have always been attracted by the theme of death; this rather Goy like little drawing is an interesting example of George Dance's wor He is best known for his portraits of Academicians.

Left: BEECH TREES; by Lucas van Uden. Faint colour is subtly used in this lovely drawing of tall trees in which the delicate pen drawing and slight grey wash are shown against the lilac colour of a winter's clouded sunset. The artist, a Flemish landscape painter of the seventeenth century, was particularly interested in the appearance of the sky at sunrise and sunset.

A HEAD OF A LION ; by George Stubbs, A.R.A. One of a group of drawings fairly recently discovered and an interesting product of this great master painter of horses. Lions attacking horses are the subjects of two of his largest oil paintings ; he also painted some splendid pictures of tigers.



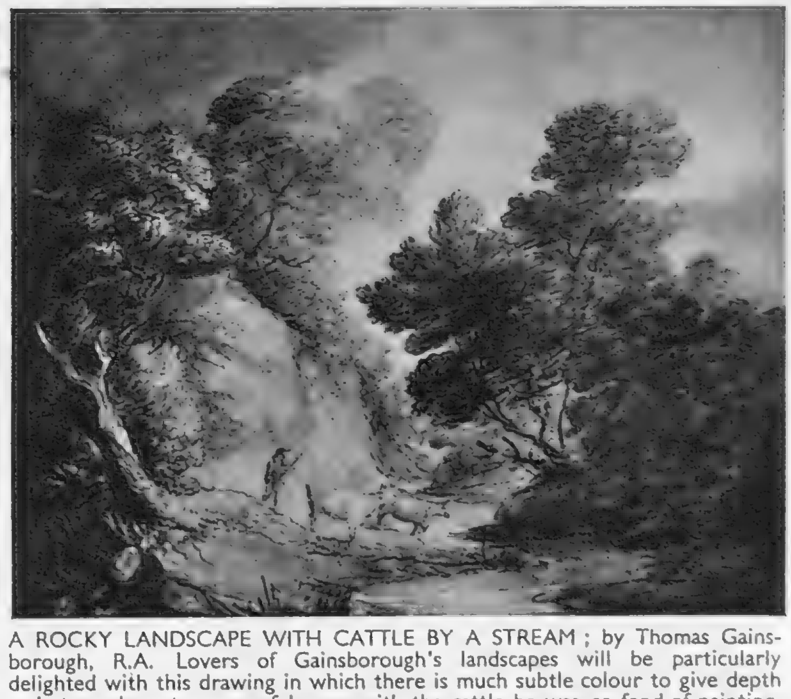
A VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS ; by Jan Bruegel, the Elder. In this enchanting little scene by the famous Flemish painter the villagers are all hard at their daily tasks, giving a good idea of country life of the period.

A PRINCESS BEING DRESSED BY HER MAID IN A BEDCHAMBER ; by Jan Gossaert, called Mabuse. This early and rare drawing has a damson-coloured ground, against which pen and brown ink are heightened with white. Jan Gossaert was one of the most prolific of the Flemish painters.

A GROUP OF FISHERFOLK ; by Willem van de Velde, the Elder. In pen and brown ink, with grey wash, this is a charming little work by the seventeenth-century Flemish painter who began life as a sailor and specialised in marine subjects.

OLD MASTER DRAWINGS

A loan exhibition from the collection of Sir Bruce Ingram, will be at the Colnaghi Galleries, 14, Old Bond Street, until February 12. Beautifully-produced catalogues, which include 47 reproductions, are on sale at 3s. each, the whole proceeds from which will be given to the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. A foreword on this excellent cause is written by Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck ; an introduction to the drawings is contributed by A. P. Oppé.



A ROCKY LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE BY A STREAM ; by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. Lovers of Gainsborough's landscapes will be particularly delighted with this drawing in which there is much subtle colour to give depth and atmosphere to a peaceful scene with the cattle he was so fond of painting.

Mr. Jeremy Cubitt and his bride, the former Miss Diana Du Cane, leave St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after their wedding. The bride, who wore a cream faille dress with Brussels lace apron and bustle, paused to greet a familiar dog which belongs to her father-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. Vivyan Naylor-Leyland leave St. James's, Spanis Place, after a wedding service which was short because he is nc a Catholic. She wore a tiara and necklace lent by her mothe

The young Misses Shand were a pair of Miss Du Cane's bridesmaids. They took wise precautions against the cold winter day.

The Naylor-Leyland reception was at the Swedish Embassy, lent to Lord and Lady Fitz Alan of Derwent by the Ambassador, H.E. Gunnar Hägglöf. Among the hundreds of guests were tenants from the bridegroom's father's estates in North Wales.

SAME WEDDING DAY— SAME HONEYMOON PLANE

At 2.30 p.m. on January 17, Mr. Jeremy Cubitt, younger son of Lord Ashbourne, married Miss Diana Du Cane, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. Peter Du Cane, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street ; same day, same time, their friends, Mr. Vivyan Naylor-Leyland, eldest son of Sir Edward Naylor-Leyland, and Miss Elizabeth Fitzalan-Howard, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Fitz Alan of Derwent, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. Both couples set off on their honeymoons to Paris by the same plane, which the Naylor-Leylands very nearly missed (held up by traffic, they missed the coach ; a special one was laid on which caught the plane by ten seconds). Miss Fitzalan-Howard is only seventeen and some of her six bridesmaids came out at the same time as she did. Lots of guests went to both receptions.

In short veils instead of long ones the two brides sit side by side i the honeymoon plane for Paris : Mrs. Naylor-Leyland and Mrs. Cub smile with relief in the last seconds before taking-off.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JAN. 10.—Col. and Mrs. Guy Cross were at a party at Chelsea; he is more often in Ireland than London, and has five miles of the best salmon fishing in Galway. At the same party we saw Miss Jennifer Kirwan, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. L. P. Kirwan, Director and Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society; Mr. and Mrs. Robin Edmonds, who were married last September (she was Miss Georgina Combe and looks like a delicious little red fox-into-lady); also Miss Hilary and Mr. Anthony Balfour, cousins of Lord Kinross.

JAN. 11.—Lunched with Kieran Tunney, co-author with John Synge of *A Priest in the Family*, our first-choice play last October. He was just back from Ireland and had brought the enjoyable bacon and butter we ate. Later saw Roderic Owen, whose biography of Lord Tedder is to be published by Collins next month; he is now writing a book about Tahiti, where he spent some time with no money, supporting himself by telling fortunes and teaching English. He was in the R.A.F. in the war and wrote the *History of the Desert Air Force*.

JAN. 13.—People went to see Mr. and Mrs. William King at their house in Thurloe Square, which is full of lovely and unusual things: antique musical boxes with figures which perform to the tunes, cases of Nevers glass figures, a famous Tiepelo over the fireplace. Mrs. (Faith) Compton Mackenzie, herself a distinguished writer, was there; she and her husband are soon going to live in Majorca. Angus Wilson, whose acrid and penetrating short stories sting his readers to ecstasies, was another writer present; fashion was represented by Miss Madge Garland and Mrs. Christopher Ironside, who, as Janey Ironside, designs and makes delightful clothes. Among many others were Oliver Beckett, a son of Lord Grimthorpe, the famous G.R., with his very good-looking wife Helene, Lady Richardson, her sons John and David Richardson, and Lord Amulree.

JAN. 14.—Sir Kenneth Clark opened the Young Contemporaries Exhibition at the Suffolk Galleries and used the weight of his experience to advise "Better be dull than original," which may not greatly gladden experimental youth.

JAN. 15.—There was a party at the Marlborough Gallery for the private view of Alan Clutton Brock's new pictures, most of which are small glimpses of Suffolk in goodish weather and just the thing for many people's small homes. Lady Bath was there: her son-in-law, Mr. David Somerset, works at the Gallery; Sir Philip Hendy, Sir John Rothenstein and Sir Leigh Ashton all appeared; also T. S. Eliot and, among many painters, Lucien Freud, who is painting for an exhibition in May and finds the dear old English winter light a great delayer, Julian Trevelyan, Elsie Rogers and Adrian Daintrey.

JAN. 9.—PRINCESS AND PRIZEWINNERS. While in Scotland, Princess Margaret presented the prizes at the Buccleuch Hunt Fancy Dress Ball in Tait Hall, Kelso. Here she is with Miss Muffet, Miss Japan, a masked villain, a monkey and all.

JAN. 9.—TO WEAR "M" BADGE. A diamond "M" is worn by Princess Margaret's Ladies-in-Waiting. Miss Iris Peake is the latest.

JAN. 10.—AT BLENHEIM PALACE. Most of the Marlborough family turned out when the Heythrop met. Lord Blandford is talking to the huntsman; his wife stands behind with a camera.

JAN. 11.—LADIES' NIGHT. The Rotary Club of Westminster West had its annual ladies' festival dinner at the Savoy. *Left:* the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Councillor A. Sciver, J.P., B.Sc., F.R.I.C., and Mrs. Sciver have a cocktail before dinner. *Right:* Mr. and Mrs. E. Lionel Bristoll and Mr. and Mrs. John Stitson. Mr. Stitson is a past president of the club.

[Continued overleaf.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JAN. 16.—We went to the Lefevre Gallery to see the exhibition of paintings by Balthus, whose work has never been shown in this country, although it is so well known in Paris. We stepped straight from the cold street into the world of the artist's imagination : pictures of lethargy painted with energy and most of them suggesting endless afternoon. Balthus, or Balthazer Klossowsky, lives and works in an upstairs studio in the crumbling Cours de Rohan ; he has always lived in Paris, but is partly Polish, with a Scottish grandmother who was one of the Gordons of Lord Byron's family. He was born in 1910 and his first book of drawings was published when he was four ; he is slender and romantic-looking ; Cocteau, whose cat he used to draw as a child, was one of his earliest admirers. In our next issue we hope to reproduce some of his paintings now on view.

JAN. 17.—People were swooping from wedding to wedding and all the receptions managed to be crowded. Colonel and Mrs. Eion Merry, of Lucknam Park, Chippenham, came on from the Naylor-Leyland—Fitzalan-Howard to the Chetwynd—Duncan-Johnstone ; he was in the Blues and won an M.C. during the war ; his very pretty wife was Miss Jean Crichton. They have a house and shooting in Inverness-shire, near his cousin Mr. Angus Vickers, who was also at the wedding with his wife. The Merrys' daughter, Davina, is seventeen ; she was one of last year's prettiest débutantes and an enormous dance was given for her by her parents in the summer.

This evening we saw Miss Charlotte Strachey dining and dancing at the Albany Club. She is the daughter of Isobel Strachey, the novelist, whose third book, *The Younger Sister*, was published by Cape last year. Charlotte Strachey is one of the prettiest of the young girls coming on ; among others are Miss Caroline Combe, Mrs. Robin Grant's younger daughter, who has dark hair and blue eyes ; Miss Bridget Laver, daughter of Sir James and Lady Laver ; Miss Emma Devas, daughter of Mr. Anthony Devas, the painter, and Mrs. Devas ; and Lady Arabella Stuart, whose mother, Lady Moray, makes very successful pottery at her home in Hans Crescent.

JAN. 18.—We got a splendid American food parcel from Mr. and Mrs. Francis Biddle ; he was Roosevelt's Attorney-General ; she is a distinguished poetess and playwright. They were here last autumn for the wedding of her niece, Donna Lelia Caetani, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Sermoneta (she is Mrs. Biddle's sister), to Mr. H. J. Howard, third son of the late Lord Howard of Penrith and the Dowager Lady Howard of Penrith. The Sermonetas live in Rome and are a centre of the very special social life of the lovely city.

LORD CHETWYND, HIS BRIDE, THE FORMER MISS DOROTHEA DUNCAN-JOHNSTONE, COLONEL AND MRS. A. C. DUNCAN-JOHNSTONE.

MISS JULIAN CHETWYND, MR. ADAM CHETWYND, LORD CHETWYND AND MISS PHILIPPA CHETWYND.

JAN. 17.—MASSED WEDDING DAY. "Everybody" was getting married on Friday the 17th ; *top*, Lord Chetwynd is with his bride and her parents at the reception after his wedding ; *above*, with the three children of his first marriage. His son, Adam, is still at Eton ; Philippa, the eldest, was twenty-one in December.

JAN. 19.—EAST BROUGHT TO WEST. A Carol Reed film gets all the connoisseurs excited. *Left :* The producer-director arrives at the première of his *Outcast of the Islands* with Kerima (left), who plays the native girl, and his wife, who was Miss Penelope Dudley-Ward, elder daughter of the Marquise de Casa Maury. *Right :* Miss Alicia Parker, Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia and Miss Hermione Baddeley at the première.

JAN. 21.—A THRILL FOR A PRINCE. The Duke of Gloucester took his two sons and a party to the Bertram Mills Circus; here is Prince Richard shaking hands with the famous Coco.

JAN. 21.—INDIAN PAINTING. At the opening of an exhibition of Indian painting Mr. V. Nagashkar shows his picture, "The Black Elephants," to Miss Pereira, Miss S. Auden and Miss Jaspal.

JAN. 20.—We went to see Mr. and Mrs. David Fellowes at their flat just behind Kensington High Street; built in the days when flats were "mansions" and had really big rooms with high ceilings. He is a half-brother of Lord de Ramsey, was a prisoner in Germany for most of the war and now works in a publishing firm; she is a daughter of the late Sir James Domville and has published a lively and imaginative book on girls' hobbies for which mothers should be grateful; has two sons herself, Anthony Mackay, now at Eton, by her first marriage, and Peter Fellowes, born in 1948.

We met Mrs. A. C. Daubeny, who had just got back from Paris to her Hill Street flat, having been tantalised by bargains in the shops over there. Her father left her a house in France; business in connection with it took her to Paris, where she was much impressed by Madame Prassinos, the brilliant woman lawyer who is making a great name there and has a beautiful apartment in the Rue Monceau, using one side as her office and living in the other. Jenny Daubeny has a very lively personality, lovely clothes and really black eyes; she gives excellent parties and has done a great many things, including dress designing and theatre décor and clothes. Her daughter, Biddy Daubeny, very slim and dark, lives with her in Hill Street and goes about a great deal.

JAN. 21.—Merlyn Evans, the painter, and his wife, Margerie Few, the concert pianist, were At Home at their flat in Mecklenburgh Square, one of the loveliest remaining bits of old London. He is Welsh, but began his painting career in South Africa; has had many exhibitions. The next, opening at the Leicester Galleries to-morrow (Jan. 31), is of drawings and water-colours; the work of two other Welsh artists, J. D. Innes and C. Williams, will be on show there at the same time. Margerie Few, besides playing at many concerts and on the air, was the pianist (unseen) in the film of *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*: she is a sister of Elsie Rogers, the painter-wife of Claude Rogers.

JAN. 22.—Mr. Francis Stonor, seen at the bottom of this page admiring the Old Master drawings, told us some interesting things about the mounting and framing of his own collection. He uses special eighteenth-century paper of different colours for the mounts and finds old French and Italian frames; was very interested in Sir Bruce Ingram's collection and particularly liked the two on his left in the photograph: a Tiepolo called "An Oriental" and a Carracci of "A Triton Blowing His Horn." His beautiful mother, Mrs. Eddie Stonor, was a famous Edwardian hostess; his father was a brother of the fourth Lord Camoys. As a boy, Francis Stonor was a Page of Honour to King George V.

JAN. 22.—In the evening we went to a recital at the Wigmore Hall by the twenty-three-year-old Portuguese pianist, Sequeira Costa, who is very well known in Paris, where he won second prize in the Prix de la Ville, which is presented by Marguerite Long and Jacques Thibault. Costa gave his first recital when he was eight; was a pupil of Edwin Fischer, with whom he toured Europe for the Bach Festival. Among people we saw at the Wigmore Hall were Harold Craxton, professor of music, pianist, composer and arranger, and father of John Craxton, the painter; also Ian Lubbock, the actor, whose father is an ex-master of one of the most famous houses at Eton; he is a cousin of Percy Lubbock, the writer, and of Lord Avebury; Ian Lubbock's mother is Irene Scharrer.

JAN. 22.—AMONG THE OLD MASTER DRAWINGS. *Left:* Mr. Francis Stonor, at Sir Bruce Ingram's loan collection at the Colnaghi Gallery. He is a collector himself and a cousin of Lord Camoys. *Right:* Mrs. C. A. W. Beaumont pauses to look at a Peter Lely lady; her son Michael is in his first half at Eton.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JAN. 22.—CHIEF WITH HER HEIR. Mrs. Flora McLeod, chief of the clan, at to-day's gathering of the McLeods in London, with her grandson and heir.

JAN. 22. — RECUPERATING. Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLeod refreshing themselves after a bout of strenuous Highland dancing.

JAN. 22.—SECRETARY OF THE CLAN SOCIETY. Mr. Alistair S. McLeod with Miss Joan McLeod at the gathering. Cairngorms, kilts, music and names were all as Scottish as could be. The gathering was at the Royal Empire Society.

JAN. 22.—Chopping ourselves in pieces and hoping to join up again afterwards as easily as a worm, we also saw some of the people at the première of *Wozzeck*. Photographs of a few appear on this page; apart from them, in the huge crowd, we saw Lord and Lady Harewood, Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, Lady Ravensdale, who is one of the few peeresses in her own right, Mr. Erich Berg, the composer's nephew, who had been at the dress rehearsal the day before and must have been thrilled by the success of the opera which has taken so long to reach us; Mr. James Bailey, who has done so much successful décor for Covent Garden and is a son of Lady Janet Bailey, Lord Inchcape's aunt; Charlotte, Lady Bonham-Carter, who is constantly to be seen at first nights and private views; Sir John and Lady Anderson; the Polish Ambassador and Mme. Michalowski; Countess von Richtoven, who played Marie in the original Berlin production of *Wozzeck*; Dame Ninette de Valois and Miss Margot Fonteyn.

JAN. 23.—Ran into John Stourton, with whom we lunched one Sunday lately at his home in Sussex which he calls Miniature Hall, and with justification: the little house is full of treasures, and an attractive miniature demesne stretches just far enough for an afternoon walk. There is a dell, a spinney and a series of little lakes, one of them inhabited by a turtle; statues stand about among the trees and near the water; and in the house, besides the Sèvres china, antique snuffboxes, pictures and lovely furniture is a collection of original Kate Greenaway drawings. John Stourton is a brother of Lord Mowbray and has two sons and two daughters; the elder daughter is Lady Gainsborough, the elder son is in the Grenadier Guards. Lord Mowbray is the premier Baron, which means that the title is the oldest in the country; he is Lord Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton—25th Baron Mowbray, 26th Baron Segrave and 22nd Baron Stourton.

JAN. 24.—Miss Iris Mears, who is a voluntary worker for the Family Welfare Association, and Hon. Secretary of one of their appeals committees, tells us that she is organising a dance to be held in aid of the Association at Hurlingham in May. Her home is at Beaulieu, near Lymington; her father, who was in the Welsh Guards, has always been very keen on yachting and plenty is to be had down there. Lots of country girls come to live and work in London instead of staying at home with the dogs as they used to; another is Miss Rosemary Forbes. She gets home to hunt most week-ends; her mother is now married to Lord Burghley, Master of the East Sussex Foxhounds. Miss Sarah-Jane Slade, who this month got engaged to Mr. Robin Cayzer, elder son of Lord and Lady Rotherwick, comes from Somerset and worked as a model in London.

JAN. 22.—"WOZZECK" PREMIÈRE. Twenty-seven years after its first performance in Berlin, Alban Berg's only complete opera came to London. Among the capacity audience at Covent Garden were, *left*, the French Ambassador, M. Massigli, with Lord Moore and Mrs. Hilaire Belloc; *right*, Lady Wilson, wife of Sir Steuart Wilson, with Ruth Guldback of the Danish Opera (on right).

SENSATION IN DUPLICATE

Miss Ursula Theiss is said by Hollywood publicists to be the most beautiful woman in the world, and her looks are certainly causing a sensation: here we prove that both sides of her face are equally good, which must be an unaccustomed treat for photographers. She is German and makes her film début in the Technicolor film *Monsoon*, in which she plays the part of a "problem" (described as "highly-strung and uninhibited") daughter of a European family settled in India.

★ First Choice ★

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

(*Phœnix*)

AT THE THEATRE . .

Benedick (John Gielgud) has been gulled into thinking Beatrice (Diana Wynyard) is in love with him. Beatrice has been deliberately sent "against my will to bid you come in to dinner," and the now lovesick Benedick twists and turns that simple sentence in his own mind until it becomes confirmation of her affection.

"I WONDER that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick—nobody marks you."—"What, my dear Lady Disdain! Are you yet living?" It is a famous exchange, so famous that its unfamiliarity on the London stage during the last decade or so is inexplicable. There have been sundry productions of *Much Ado About Nothing* (a piece that sorely worried Bernard Shaw), but none until now has had the elegance and gaiety for this most gay and elegant of Shakespearean comedies.

For Benedick and Beatrice we have had to go as a rule to Stratford-upon-Avon, both when its theatre was unfashionable and when the river ran suddenly in gold. Frequent revivals there have made the play peculiarly Stratford's own. Indeed, John Gielgud's production, at the Phœnix, was seen at the Memorial Theatre during 1949 and 1950. He himself, the Benedick of 1950—he had not played the part for nineteen years—is now paired with Diana Wynyard, the Beatrice of 1949, and the Merry War, the "skirmish of wit," is fought as it should be, sun sparkling on the foils.

This comedy can be ruined by too much laughter—on the stage. When people are eternally in stitches at their own jokes, the hearers grow glum. John Gielgud has avoided this. We are spared ripple and trill and chuckle. Playing and speaking are gay, but, for most of the time, without self-consciousness. It is only in the broader fooling that we find any sense of strain.

Certainly there is no strain in Gielgud's Benedick. It is very hard for an actor to fail entirely in this part. Gielgud, once we have persuaded ourselves that he is a soldier from the wars returning, has extreme distinction. He brings wit to wit, and I cannot remember a sharper pointing and timing of the soliloquies (with that resolute jut of the chin at "I will be horribly in love with her"). Observe, too, his silence in the arbour: Gielgud listens as wittily as he speaks. Later, during the Church scene, he avoids the laugh (after Beatrice's "Kill Claudio!") on "Not for the wide world," a line at which we must always hold our breath in anxiety. Gielgud's quick, startled undertone is admirably right: the house is held in silence. Throughout the comedy, this Benedick is relaxed: there is no trace at all of the queer starchiness that used to stiffen a Gielgud performance: here the actor is standing at ease.

With him is Diana Wynyard, in the part that has "Ellen Terry" stamped on every line: a test for an actress. Miss Wynyard may not run like a lapwing to the "woodbine coverture," but elsewhere she need not dread comparison with the major Beatrices of the past. We "hold friends" with her; we are spared the flitter-jill tricks of artificial comedy. This Beatrice has a woman's heart as well as a flashing mind, and her performance has grown considerably since 1949. She is both the dear Lady Disdain who was "born to speak all mirth and no matter," and the loyal and angry woman who cries: "O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place."

The other exceptional performances are those of Paul Scofield and Sir Lewis Casson. The first appears as Don Pedro, a part that any actor of presence can sleek along competently. Paul Scofield does infinitely more than this: he creates a personage of Pedro; when he leaves the stage he is not merely in the wings, but still walking in Leonato's garden or in the streets of Messina. Scofield's persuasiveness is remarkable; moreover, few Shakespearean actors of our day have his poise. Listen to him also in the tiny scene towards the play's end, when he speaks: "Good morrow, masters, put your torches out . . ." Leonato is, of course, safe with Sir Lewis Casson. Too many actors in my recollection have played ducks-and-drakes with Leonato and given those Church speeches only in a vague paraphrase. Once, years ago, I noted down this painful compression:

> But she I valued, she, alas, has fall'n
> Into a pit of ink which none may cleanse
> From her foul-salted flesh.

Obviously, with such an actor as Sir Lewis Casson, random booming is not enough. His Leonato is the best of our time.

There are a few troubles. Thus George Rose still insists on over-driving Dogberry. The part needs a far less determined approach: the man should be totally unconscious of absurdity. I remember, for example—but Dogberry tells us himself that comparisons are odorous. (I am glad, at least, that Mr. Gielgud has jettisoned the traditional business in the visit to Leonato, and allowed goodman Verges to have his wine.)

Although Robert Hardy is a more credible Claudio than usual and takes well that sudden early movement into verse, Dorothy Tutin's Hero is not in her best manner: the part is thinly spoken. Still, she is not to blame for the relative flatness of the Hero-Ursula talk for the benefit of Beatrice in the arbour. *Much Ado* generally goes true to form, and one very seldom hears a laugh in this scene, which comes too soon after the better passage—now superbly played—of the gulling of Benedick.

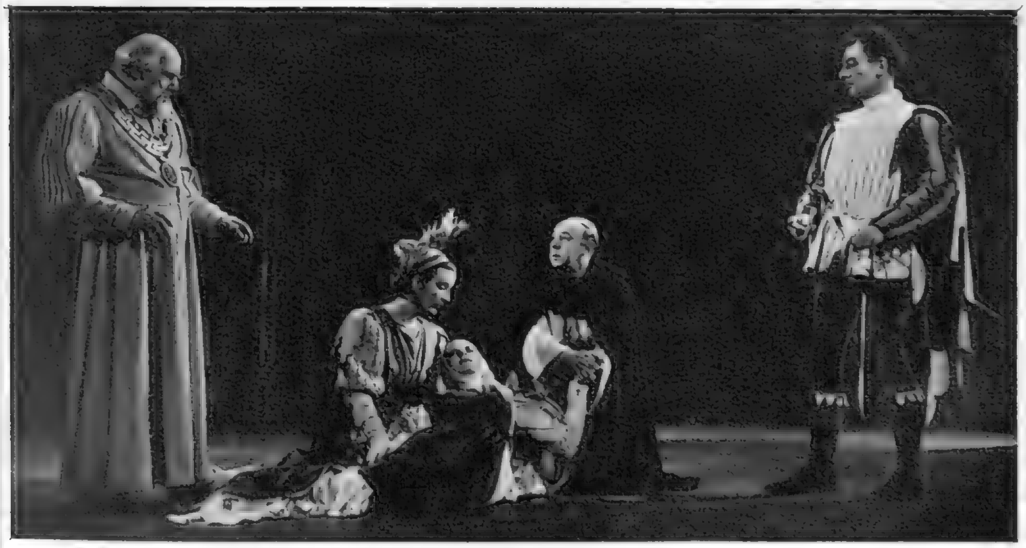
Once more Gielgud has used the cunning Mariano Andreu sets, the garden and that multiple ingenuity which melts from house to street and street to church. The pillared Messina street remains gratefully in the mind. So, for that matter, does the entire revival. Whatever personal reservations one may have about this performance or that, the new *Much Ado* is safe in the records, on the strength, especially, of its high comedy scenes and the inter-playing of Diana Wynyard and John Gielgud. We do not wonder that they will still be talking. Everyone marks them.

. . with J. C. TREWIN

" A bachelor gay am I." Benedick preceded the song, but no taunts from Don Pedro (Paul Scofield) or Claudio (Robert Hardy) can daunt him. " And the fine is . . . I will live a bachelor."

Don John (Michael Goodliffe), Borachio (Brewster Mason) and Conrade (Paul Hardwick) conspire to overthrow the match between Hero and Claudio. Their deeds lead to the scene below.

The fine word-play of Beatrice and Benedick is beautifully offset by Dogberry (George Rose), to whom all " comparisons are odorous," as he harangues his Watch.



Claudio (Robert Hardy) has denounced Hero (Dorothy Tutin) in church. Beatrice and the Friar (George Howe) hold her as she swoons. Leonato (Sir Lewis Casson), her father, bids her die.

Still Going Strong

IN the last issue of *The Sketch* I spoke of some of the comedians who were holding the West End stage. Go for a moment to sterner things. For those in a mood for villainy, the theatre has its pleasures. Take *Women of Twilight*, at the Vaudeville. Barbara Couper, always an actress of great quality, suddenly appears here as a baby-farmer presiding over a houseful of unmarried mothers. I don't think I have ever wanted more heartily to see an evil-doer scotched, and my main complaint about Sylvia Rayman's luridly exciting piece is that Miss Couper's spider-woman goes to her fate off-stage. She should be trapped under a full blaze of light, stage centre. It is an expert melodrama, in its fashion: we remain happily in the torrid zone, somewhere (I am very much afraid) near Hampstead.

Another excellent fate for this woman would be marriage with the petty officer (presented by William Hartnell) in *Seagulls Over Sorrento*, at the Apollo. The fellow glowers and snarls through the piece as he has been doing since June 1950. Most people, I suppose, know something by now about Hugh Hastings's plot: the mixture of melodrama and comedy on an islet in the Orkneys occupied by the Royal Navy. There is a good deal of fooling in the exuberant care of Ronald Shiner; but at present our theme is villainy, and William Hartnell is richly a slave-driver, a Simon Legree type who gets everything he deserves.

I cannot say very much about the villainy in *The Hollow* (Ambassadors), because this is a spot-the-murderer play, and it would be a bigger crime than the murder—of a notably unpleasant man—to give away any relevant fact. For those who enjoy an evening with an animated crossword-puzzle, Agatha Christie is the author, and the Ambassadors cast is the best of company: let me mention Jeanne de Casalis, Jessica Spencer and Joan Newell. A herd of wild horses, galumphing through *The Sketch* office, will drag nothing more from me.

You have to decide for yourself the particular brand of unpleasantness in Andrew Rosenthal's *Third Person*, an American play of some interest, now at the Criterion. This is a clinical study, a case-book affair. Certainly the third person of the title is a third person singular—a young man called Kip (Denholm Elliott), who seems to be a permanent guest in the family of a New York architect. To me he is less alarming than a venomous fellow acted with uncompromising loyalty by Kenneth Hyde. The slow-purring Roger Livesey, with Ursula Jeans and little Janette Scott—charming people all—are in the cast of what is annoyingly labelled " an adult play," a study in parasitism that should run.

Finally, a dark nod to James Kenney, as the juvenile delinquent, the *Master Crook* of the play at the Comedy, a sound performance in a tough little piece; and to Michael Goodliffe as the Don John of *Much Ado About Nothing* (Phœnix), reviewed elsewhere on this page. There was never so motiveless a villain. " Will it serve for any model to build mischief on ? " It helps to build the play, and that is enough.

The Master with family and friends : l. to r., standing, Mr. L. Brook Holliday, Major T. Ives, Mrs. H. J. H. Gillam, Major L. B. Holliday, M.F.H., York and Ainsty North ; sitting Mr. H. J. H. Gillam, Miss Meriel Fynn, Mrs. Holliday and Mrs. Ives.

York and Ainsty North Hunt Ball

A general view of the dancing in the magnificent room with its Corin co
and there were some lively eightsome reels during the evening ; our Hesse
Colonel S. Rhodes and his sister, Miss Katherine Rhodes, had evenaso

Another angle on the room, giving a vista of the columns and dancers. The architect, Lord Burlington, was responsible for much lovely classical architecture in this country, including Chesterfield House and Chiswick House.

Miss Doris Bower, Miss Eileen Turner and Miss Patricia Horner, all gaily jewelled and flowered, take time off for laughter and talk.

Above : L. to r., Mr. L
Cottam, Miss B. Pri a

Left : Chef Ernst St ca
watched by Erik Oche wh

Right : Mr. F. E. Rhond
oll

columns and Venetian glass candelabras. Many of the men wore pink coats
sses are responsible for the popularity of these on this side of the Border.
son to be pleased with their organisation of this successful evening.

L. to r.: Miss Katherine Rhodes, Hunt Ball secretary, Miss Elizabeth Ingram, Mrs. Blackburn, Mr. T. K. Blackburn, former M.F.H., York and Ainsty South, and Colonel H. Rhodes, the Hunt secretary, in a comfortable corner.

There were nearly 400 guests at the Georgian Assembly Rooms in York for this ball, which has always been in Harrogate before this year. Colonel S. Rhodes and his sister, Miss Katherine Rhodes, organised the ball; he is secretary of the Hunt, which was founded early in the nineteenth century and was not divided into North and South until 1929. The York and Ainsty country is at the centre of neighbouring hunts, and among guests at the ball were people from the Middleton, Bramham, Bedale, Sinnington and Holderness countries. The M.F.H., Major Holliday, took a large party to the ball which was, incidentally, the first hunt ball to be held in the Assembly Rooms since the war.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Miss Pauline Foulds and Mr. Richard Legard. A champagne bottle can be seen in the background: the traditional hunt ball drink is a great help to keeping going all night.

, Longbottom, Mrs. J. F.
and Mr. J. F. Cottam.

carves the boar's head,
who supervised the buffet.

nd Mrs. Guy Bedford try
olls.

In the foreground are Mr. and Mrs. H. J. H. Gillam, who came over from Huddersfield; with her plain, elegant chiffon dress and stole, Mrs. Gillam carried a pearl-decorated bag; the couple seen between the pillars are caught in a halcyon moment of time.

[*Continued overleaf.*

Standing, l. to r.: Mr. John Butler, Mr. Alfred Wiseman, Mr. L. E. Snowden and Mrs. Malcolm Snowden. Sitting: Mrs. Alfred Wiseman, Colonel W. F. Jackson, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Cleeve, Brigadier A. J. E. Cleeve and Mrs. John Butler.

L. to r.: Mrs. B. P. Johnson, Mr. M. A. R. Hindmarsh, Miss Kathleen Mort, Mrs. Kenneth Bloor, Mr. Kenneth Bloor, Mr. A. Wailes-Fairbairn.

L. to r.: Mr. Michael Hield, Miss Malise Armitage, Mr. Peter Butler, Miss Mary Aykroyd and Mr. Jock Pease. Mr. Butler was telling the funny story.

Waiting for their ladies: l. to r., Mr. A. Yates (joint Master, York and Ainsty South), Mr. G. V. Penty, Colonel Hugh Rhodes, Major A. Collins, Mr. G. Rhodes, Mr. A. Farrow, Colonel H. C. Benson, Colonel S. Rhodes.

York and Ainsty North Hunt Ball (Contd.)

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bloor. Mrs. Bloor's black and white went well with the pink coats, an important point for women at hunt balls.

LINDY LOO

by Grace Wheatley, A.R.W.S.

"I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy."

" SUNSET IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE "

Based on Pamela Hansford-Johnson's novel, *An Avenue of Stone*, Ireland Wood's play *Sunset in Knightsbridge*, presented by the London Mask Theatre Company, opened at the Westminster Theatre last Wednesday (January 23) and is due for a limited run of approximately five weeks. It marks the opening of a new Mask Theatre season at the Westminster, for which the Company have acquired a long lease.

In this play about the tantrums and charms of a retired actress, Olga Lindo plays Lady Archer (Helena) ; Anthony Ireland is her stepson, Claud Pickering ; her daughter, Charmian, is played by Jenny Laird ; Bryan Coleman plays Evan Sholto, Charmian's husband ; Nora Nicholson is his mother, Mrs. Sholto ; John Wood plays John Field and Marian Spencer is Mrs. Olney (Dilys).

1. Helena (left) is annoyed at tea in her Knightsbridge flat by the news that her daughter, Charmian, and her stepson, Claud, are about to leave her, Charmian to join her husband, Claud on business. She tells them how she hates to be alone.

4. Claud tackles Helena about her friendship with John and she is indignant, saying that John needs her and Claud doesn't. She sends her worried stepson away.

5. Claud is visited by Dilys Olney, a rather flashy widow—a relict from his late stepfather's past. She wants to know if her old admirer left her anything in his will ; she has an evasive, wheedling approach.

8. There is a showdown when Helena discovers what Dilys has been up to. She tells her and John to get out, angrily brandishing the cigarette-lighter.

9. Helena, deserted once more, puts on an act for Claud and Charmian. Full of self-pity, she accuses them of not caring about her loneliness and says she is going to ask John to come back ; they listen with resignation.

2. Claud introduces to Helena a young Army friend, John Field, whom he has asked to stay for a few days. Deprived of audiences since her retirement, Helena welcomes his company.

3. The plan works and Helena is happy charming John, but Mrs. Sholto (Charmian's mother-in-law) infuriates Claud by gossiping. While her son, Evan, and daughter-in-law look on, Claud asks the old lady to apologise.

6. Helena hears of the visit and wants to meet Mrs. Olney. Clasping John's hand in sunny companionship, she telephones to the widow and urges her to come and see her, saying she thinks they have a lot in common.

7. Dilys soon gets to work on John; he is tired of Helena's possessiveness and doesn't make it difficult. Dilys gives him a cigarette-lighter.

10. Neither Helena nor Dilys are to have John. He is engaged to be married; Helena receives the news with her usual lavish emotion (she was not an actress for nothing). John, longing to be off, is being reproached.

11. Contrition is now Helena's burden; Claud receives it and she, sure of his affection, prepares to face her remaining years with fortitude.

Photographed by Derek Allen.

IN HIS FAMOUS CLOAK . . .

Dr. Erich Kleiber, for whom the loud applause was loudest after the first Covent Garden performance of Wozzeck, Alban Berg's only completed opera. Berg died in 1935; Kleiber, always his friend and champion, conducted the first performance of the opera in Berlin in 1925. It is taken from a novel by Georg Büchner and has a Grand Guignol story of murder and morbidity which the music conveys with skill and originality. Kleiber, whose conducting was superb all through, believes in eating raw vegetables and doing Yogi exercises; his cloak, a "pancho" from Chile, is as famous all over the world as he is.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

THE witch hunt is on again. Poor Television! It has, lately, been the butt of an unusually large number of pontifical utterances, made by people and groups of people. As usual, when any subject affecting the private lives of others is discussed, the reasonable are in the minority, and the majority is made up of those who should know better. To the latter, television is the latest monster to rear its ugly head and threaten the nation's social life. According to reports in the Press, which we have read with considerable impatience, television is menacing the ordinary activities of home life; people read less, they go to the cinema less, they hardly ever listen to sound radio, nor do they play indoor games as much, and general conversation has become impossible during transmission hours. All this, apparently, is a serious matter. Worse still, friends do not call so often because they, too, are busy with their television sets. But worst of all, some children are being allowed to stay up late to watch the evening transmissions. Tut, tut, the country is indeed going to the dogs.

Why all this fuss? If folk find it enjoyable to spend every evening watching television, why not let them get on with it? Personally, it would drive us round the bend. In spite of our critical duties we find time to go to the theatre fairly often, to see our friends constantly, and to spend an evening at the "local" whenever we feel the urge. Anyone can do the same. All that is needed is a copy of the *Radio Times* and a little selectivity in the use of the advance information contained in it. Must we point out that television is a service which is available at the public's discretion and not a compulsory way of spending its leisure?

As for children staying up late, surely that is a matter for the parents to decide and not the mass of bodies and committees, who nowadays consider it their prerogative to rear our youth? It is they, not television, which are a menace to home life.

Now let us lower the temperature under the collar a little and refer to one of the more reasonable of recent utterances. We refer to the report of a survey conducted by the Methodist Press Service among ministers in London, the Midlands, Yorkshire and Lancashire. These gentlemen find that church attendance has not been appreciably affected by television. The survey further says: "Television has not proved a big counter-attraction to church youth activities, and could be used by progressive youth organisations. . . . Television will become a major social influence. If rightly handled, and if the highest standards are maintained, it can become an ally of the Church. . . . Television might bring people back to their own hearths for pleasure and give the home influence a chance." Messieurs and Mesdames Grundy please note!

The warning "not suitable for children" which accompanied the opening announcement of *They Fly by Twilight*, by Paul Dornhorst, hinted that we were about to see an adult play, suitable for grown-ups. We were wrong. It was a rather tedious business about a grocer who strangled his nagging wife, immaturely written, and only saved from disaster by three good performances by Daphne Anderson, Barry K. Barnes and Daphne Slater.

George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, those masters of the unresolved plot, were represented by their famous play, *Theatre Royal*, dealing with a fabulous theatrical family, which only the blind would fail to recognise as the Barrymores. It is nearly a great play and the theatrical mind is thoroughly laid bare. But it does need a cast of giants to match up with the characters if they are to be at all believable. This was the one thing Eric Fawcett failed to provide in his otherwise sound production. But everyone, especially Charmian King, did their best.

New series are in the vogue. Donald Peers is with us now for a time and Frankie Howerd started very well with his new show *The Howerd Crowd*. Once he has got used to the medium—and it takes some getting used to—he should become television's top comedian. Then there is *False Evidence*, set in a court of law with an—oh—such a polite Gilbert Harding as judge, with Leslie Mitchell and Franklin Englemann to heckle three pairs of witnesses to find out which of them is telling a "whopper." Quite harmless fun. Finally, there is *Hit Parade*, which found us irritated at the phoney American commentary.

A salute to two personal triumphs: Gilbert Harding's, when he turned the tide with his masterly apology in *What's My Line*, and Lady Astor's in her calling-a-spade-a-spade, *Speaking Personally*. She certainly was.

Set in sixteenth-century Florence, *The Florentine Apprentice*, by C. E. Webber, produced in the Children's Programme, told the story of the young sculptor who became the glory of that romantic city. (L. to r.) John Slater (Benvenuto Cellini), Antony Keary (Andrea d'Agnolo) and William Strange (Lorenzo).

Anthony Cavendish (Morton Lowry) is the *enfant terrible* of the fabulous theatrical family whose adventures were told in the play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, *Theatre Royal*. In this picture he is with Fanny Cavendish (Eileen Draycott), the indomitable head of the four generations of crazy people.

"TOP C!" Drawn by James.

OUR BOOKSHELF

ROTTING HILL. By Wyndham Lewis. *(Methuen ; 14s.)*

OSCAR WILDE. By St. John Ervine. *(Allen and Unwin ; 18s.)*

THE RIVAL MONSTER. By Compton Mackenzie. *(Chatto and Windus ; 11s. 6d.)*

CLASSIC CRIMES. A Selection from the Works of William Roughead made by W. N. Roughead. *(Cassell ; 17s. 6d.)*

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

OF Mr. Wyndham Lewis's new novel, *Rotting Hill*, his publishers state in the blurb: "It is impossible for a work of narrative fiction worth reading to contain less politics than *Rotting Hill*." This is, of course, fabulous nonsense. It would be possible, and indeed probable, that a "work of narrative fiction," by which I suppose is meant a novel, most worth reading will contain no politics at all. It is a pity that a book of this quality should go out introduced by such an irritating piece of undergraduate opinionatedness. *Rotting Hill* is, in fact, a collection of short stories which demonstrate dismally our sorry condition, our decadence and hopeless future. We are rotting away, says the repetitive banshee wail of Mr. Lewis, and the world with us. But his cries of woe are so effectively done, the sheer writing of his book so good, that it is impossible not to hear him out. Such a piece of writing as "The Talking Shop," an account of a visit to the House of Commons, has wry humour in it, but behind his wit Mr. Lewis is an angry man. "The English Parliament is a voting-machine, not a talking-machine. Most of it remains sheepishly silent all the time—except at times when all present are allowed to act as an incoherent chorus. Since in the nature of things at present it always votes the same way, the physical presence of all these people sitting there is quite pointless." "The Lords, meanwhile, will not be liquidated. If they *were* it might occur to someone to create a *real* senate, instead of this comic relic. That is the secret of the retention of this medieval waxworks." And so on. This is destructive writing at its best, and the whole book is full of corrosive power. But at the end of it all nothing has emerged very clearly except a portrait of the author swinging windmill blows about him in an effort to show how he hates pretty well everything and everyone he sees on the scrap-heap, which is the world in his eyes.

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE is angry, too, but what seems to have sent him into verbal hysterics in his book *Oscar Wilde* is the continuing popularity of a writer who, Mr. Ervine maintains, ought to have been forgotten long ago. He cannot, it seems, forgive the poor ghost of Wilde for its effulgence, and his prose becomes almost a scream as he tries to pull down the scented temple which that ghost still haunts. Wilde's father was "an incontinent oculist . . . notorious for trifling with the virtue of his women patients," his mother was "an affected and ridiculous woman," Wilde himself was "vulgar," "callous and common," he "would not have married Miss Lloyd if she had been poor," he "toiled for notoriety," he was "as commercially minded as any pawnbroker or pork butcher or stockbroker or banker," he looked on his arrival in America, "remarkably like a quack dentist or the proprietor of a cheap circus," he was "inflated with megalomania." The relish with which Mr. Ervine describes the retribution which fell on Wilde in his last days is both silly and disgusting. "It must be enough to say that Wilde died dreadfully. All that splendour and applause in great mansions and famous theatres and places where people talk long and well, had fallen down to this shabby room in a poor apartment-hotel in a back street in Paris, where a stricken man in exile held his tormented head in his hands and blasphemed against himself and God. The wages of sin are hard wages, but they must be paid; and Wilde had to pay. His inexorable debtor, Death, screwed his last penny from him

Dan Mannix, author of *Memoirs of a Sword-Swallower* (Hamish Hamilton ; 12s. 6d.), an unusual and amusing book of life in the sideshows.

and gave him no relief until it was paid." Mr. Ervine's estimate of Wilde's writings is no less unbalanced. *The Duchess of Padua* is a "poor pretentious piece," the fairy stories are "full of sentimental pessimism." Wilde "sometimes wrote in the manner of an author of servant girls' novelettes," and "Miss Corelli, sorrowing for Satan, could not have been more subservient to the scullery." *Salome* is "full of mannered nonsense and banalities." *Pen, Pencil and Poison* "requires no consideration. It is pestilential stuff if it is taken as any other than a squib in doubtful taste." *The Sphinx* "is a heavily-laboured piece of synthetic verse." *Lady Windermere's Fan* "stripped of its irrelevant epigrams and her grace of Berwick's inconsequent and mindless chatter, the residue is seen to be commonplace melodrama," and after writing about it for thirty pages, Mr. Ervine finds it "a poor incredible piece." *A Woman of No Importance* "has no veracity in it from start to finish." "It is a common play written by a man who has submerged his genius in the gutter." The whole of this piece of rhetorical vituperation, which the author calls A Present Time Appraisal, leads one to ask a very obvious question. Why, if Mr. Ervine finds Wilde so contemptible, both as a man and a writer, should he have thought it worth while to write this long passionate study of him?

WITH what relief may one turn from this book to one which is intentionally funny, *The Rival Monster*, Mr. Compton Mackenzie's new Highland farce. The Loch Ness Monster, one learns in the first few pages, has been hit by a flying saucer, an incident witnessed by Kenneth MacLennan, who is Sir Herbert Bottley's head stalker and a most reliable man. Is the monster dead? Or will he, as Ben Nevis hopes, appear in Loch Hoch or Loch Hoo? Or might he, or his mate, do as Mr. Hector Hamish Mackay predicts and make for the North Sea? It is not long before this prophecy seems to be fulfilled, for the islanders of Great and Little Todday, who once revelled in Whisky Galore, begin to witness strange appearances off their coasts. How these increase their tourist trade and infuriate Ben Nevis, fill Captain Waggett with scepticism and lead to very stirring events on the islands, is told with an uproarious lack of all pettifogging restraint. Like its predecessors, the book is as free from any niggling suggestion of logic or credibility as it is from social satire or hidden significance. It is an irresistible piece of lunacy which must make anyone but the most earnest of asses laugh aloud. A welcome addition to this growing series.

MR. W. N. ROUGHEAD has made a wise selection of the studies in crime by his father, the late William Roughead, and published it under the title, fully merited, of *Classic Crimes*. William Roughead had a style of his own, a trifle circumlocutionary, even facetious at times, so that he was not afraid to write a sentence like this: "Katharine, although at once apprised of the discovery by her considerate kinswoman, continued in her evil course with cynical, nay lunatic, effrontery." But if one can stomach his style, one soon respects him for his material, which is presented in an orderly and scrupulous way. Some of the cases retold here have become perhaps a trifle dog-eared of late years, for most serious crime writers have had something to say about the Balham Mystery, the Slater Case, the Merrett Mystery, the Sandyford Mystery and the fearsome West Port murders by Burke and Hare. But others, like the story of Katharine Nairn, though it has been made the subject of a novel, is less familiar to many of us, and is, as Mr. Roughead ironically remarks, "one of the most attractive in our criminal annals." Madeleine Smith has enchanted many biographers, though she was a false, shallow, selfish creature, and the ghoulish story of Constance Kent never loses its fascination. Altogether a valuable collection.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THOMAS TOMPION, HIS LIFE AND WORK.
By R. W. Symonds. *(Batsford ; £7 7s.)*

It is hard to see how this magnificently illustrated and produced book, written with obvious care and affection and in meticulous detail, could have been better. Tompion was as pre-eminently our greatest clockmaker as his contemporary Wren was our greatest architect. This book is worthy of the old craftsman's memory.

GRIT AND POLISH.
By Oliver Anderson. *(Barker ; 9s. 6d.)*

Mr. Anderson seems to me to have strained at a Waugh and swallowed a Wodehouse. He is sometimes funny, but one feels it has been hard work.

THE SQUIRE OF PICCADILLY.
Memories of William Stone in Conversation with Henry Baerlein. *(Jarrolds ; 15s.)*

Recollections of incidents and people, mostly rather trivial, by a nonagenarian resident in Albany.

HANDS TO DANCE.
By Charles Causley. *(Carroll and Nicholson ; 10s. 6d.)*

Rather over-narrated stories chiefly of naval life.

A BRIGHTER SUN.
By Samuel Selvon. *(Wingate ; 11s. 6d.)*

Novel set in Trinidad, largely among the Indian colony. The dialect used is far too complicated and frequent to make easy reading.

THE ROYAL STORY.
A Diary of the Royal Year. By L. A. Nickolls. *(Macdonald ; 10s. 6d.)*

The third successive year of a Court correspondent's diary, illustrated with plenty of photographs.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MRS. JOAN GLYDE : For dropping pennies from heaven on besieged Malayan planters.

From her Tiger Moth, Mrs. Glyde bombs bandit-surrounded plantations with monthly wage packets : she is a member of the Kuala Lumpur Flying Club, which runs a ferry service for this purpose. On her first leave since 1947, Mrs. Glyde has been visiting her parents near Bournemouth. She works in a Government office in Kuala Lumpur and flies in her spare time.

LEO KERSLEY (top) and RICHARD ELLIS : For the compliment they have earned for English ballet by being chosen to teach in America.

A few years ago it would have seemed impossible that two of our dancers should be chosen as ballet teachers by America. Richard Ellis, thirty-three, is from the Sadler's Wells Ballet ; he goes to Chicago. Leo Kersley, thirty-one, of the Empire Theatre Ballet, is to open a ballet school in Denver.

MISS BETTY HUTTON : For daring to master a flying trapeze instead of sheltering behind a " double."

For her part as a star aerialist in Cecil B. de Mille's Paramount production of *The Greatest Show on Earth*, Betty Hutton, scorning the services of a " double," learned all the tricks of the trapeze in two months, under the supervision of Antoinette Concello, of the " Flying Concellos," who says it would have taken a circus beginner more than a year to become so expert.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

I MAY as well admit straight away that I have never read Joseph Conrad's novel, *An Outcast of the Islands*, so I am not in a position to say exactly how much, and in what ways, Carol Reed's picture differs from the original. The experts tell me that it has been changed quite a lot, particularly in the matter of the ending. This appears to enrage them, but for the life of me I cannot see why.

In the first place, it is surely Mr. Reed's work, and not Mr. Conrad's, that is under discussion. A novel is a novel, and a picture a picture, and what is right for one medium is not necessarily right for another.

In the second place, the experts, were they just a little more expert, might have discovered that Conrad himself was not altogether satisfied with his novel. I may not have read the book, but I do happen to have read what the author had to say about it. One of the things he said was this:

> "*The mere scenery got a great hold on me as I went on, perhaps because (I may just as well confess that) the story was itself never very near my heart. It engaged my imagination much more than my affection.*"

Another thing he said about it was:

> "*The last chapter is simply abominable. Never did I see anything so clearly as the naked hideousness of that thing.*"

So I don't think we need to lament too much if Carol Reed's "Outcast" is not precisely Conrad's "Outcast." The only question that really matters is, has Mr. Reed made a good picture? I would reply that he has done exactly what Conrad did: produced a work that engages the imagination much more than the affection. Not many people, I think, will like *An Outcast of the Islands*; certainly not as much as *The Third Man*, *Odd Man Out* and *The Fallen Idol*. But few will deny that it is, in its own way, a very powerful film.

The story—that story which was "never very near" its author's heart, and even in its revised version may not be very near ours—is about Peter Willems (Trevor Howard), a bit of white trash cast up in the Far East, who not only goes native, but rotten at the core. As a runaway boy, he has been befriended by sea-captain Lingard (Sir Ralph Richardson). As a man, he has smarted himself into a position as agent to a Singapore trader. But straightforward trading is not enough for Willems. He is born to cut corners. He has cut so many by the beginning of the film that Singapore has become too hot to hold him. He runs to his old patron, the sea-captain, for protection, and is taken by him to a secret trading post up-river. Left there, in the charge of Lingard's partner, Almayer (Robert Morley), while the Captain sails away on another of his voyages, the rot begins to spread in Willems. He insults his host and his host's wife (Wendy Hiller), and casts lascivious eyes on a coloured girl, Aissa (Kerima), the daughter of the local chieftain. For Aissa's sake, he throws in his lot with the natives, and sells them the closely-guarded secret of the river entrance to an Arab trader. The natives play just as fair with him as he has played fair with the white men. He gets the girl for keeps; *and* his deserts.

To my mind, as, apparently, to Conrad's, it is impossible to entertain affection for this story, and the film still further repulses affection by the use of calculated effects of cruelty. There was a foul taste in my mouth as I watched the scenes in which Willems bemires his hosts, the Almayers; and the companion scenes in which Almayer encourages his small daughter to hurl abuse at Willems—"Call 'pig' after him, dearest; nasty bad man!" Worst of all is the dreadful scene in which Willems, triumphant and reckless at the head of his natives, has Almayer trussed up in a hammock, and swung over a roasting fire for the hilarious delectation of his followers. This passage, ugly enough in itself, may well become unbearable in the inflammatory conditions of a crowded cinema. There were other ways of doing the scene, if it had to be done at all, less calculated to provoke the beastlier elements in mass human nature. I would lay 100 to 1 that the strung-up crowds will laugh. You know what crowds are.

I am afraid I may have given the impression that *An Outcast of the Islands* is nothing but a very horrid film. This would be wrong. It *is* horrid, but it is also brilliant. From the opening shot of the bustling Far East port, with ships unloading cargo, natives shouting, elephants trumpeting, little brown children slipping in and out of the water, like sleek porpoises, to the closing scenes of Lingard's denunciation of Willems in a dark, up-river thunderstorm, Carol Reed has sustained an atmosphere that is indigenous and inescapable. It is very clear that "the mere scenery" got a great hold on him, as it did on Joseph Conrad. The piece, which was mainly shot in Ceylon and Borneo, positively reeks of the East and you feel you have come back from a long, long journey at the end of the picture.

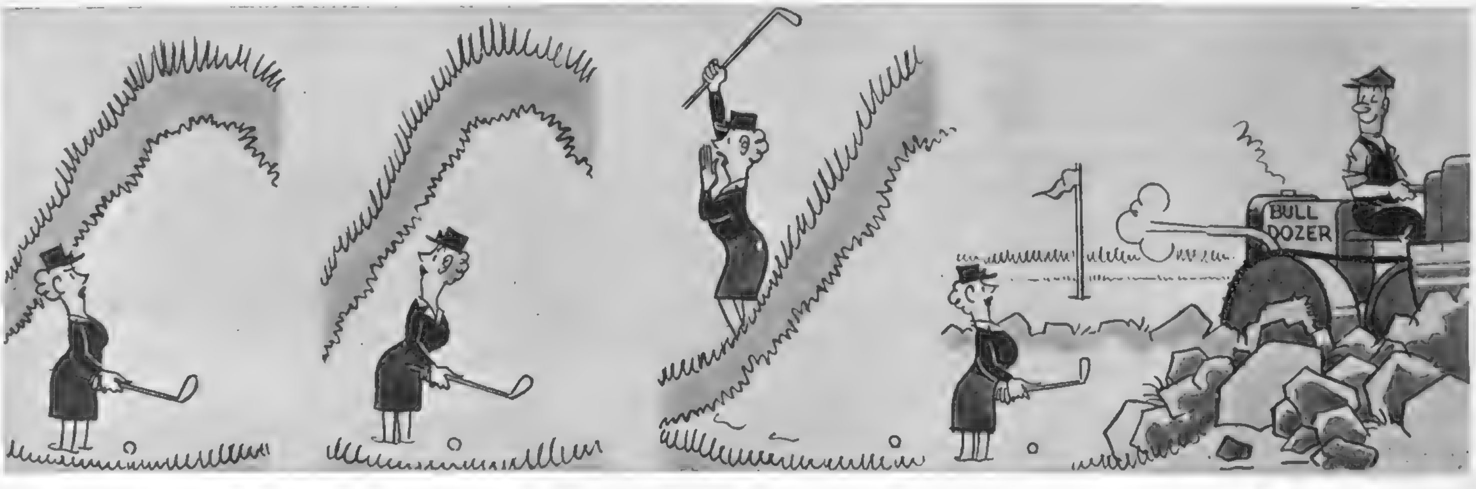
The acting seems to me to show a sharp division. On the one hand, we have Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley and the beautiful French-Arabian girl Kerima (who utters not a single word, but carries out her entire performance in mime). On the other hand, we have Sir Ralph Richardson. The first group appears to do just what the director orders, and do it well, but with the faintest hint of puppetry. Richardson, however, gives the impression of creating a character out of his own imagination. Lingard is a comparatively small part, which appears only at the beginning and end of the picture, but this straight-backed, cold-eyed sea-captain, quiet but indomitable, remains the most comforting memory I brought away from the film.

Phone Call From a Stranger manages to combine three short stories in a single framework more dexterously than most pictures of its kind. The individual stories are not simply set out, like the three trees in the celebrated recitation, there—there—and there, but are insinuated into a fourth story which, in a sense, completes them all.

Four strangers become friendly in an air-liner bound for Los Angeles. The lawyer (Gary Merrill), who is running away from an estrangement with his wife, hears confidences from the other three: a doctor (Michael Rennie), a show-girl (Shelley Winters) and a commercial traveller (Keenan Wynn). The air-liner runs into bad weather and crashes, and the lawyer, who is the only survivor of the quartet, feels it his duty to seek out his companions' next-of-kin. In a mixture of straight narrative and flashback, we are shown how the doctor has been suffering for years under the shadow of unconfessed manslaughter, how the show-girl has been driven apart from her husband by a jealous mother-in-law, and how the commercial traveller, loud, vulgar, and a crashing bore to strangers, is, at home, a sort of knight in shining armour.

The commercial traveller's tale, in which Bette Davis makes an unexpected appearance as a crippled wife, is the most solid of the three episodes, but all are well done, and in the outside story Shelley Winters again displays that true mixture of comedy and pathos that is rapidly bringing her up to the top of her class.

Unless you are allergic to films about alcoholism, a subject over which Hollywood seems deeply concerned at present, you should take a look at *Come Fill the Cup*, a splendidly-managed drama, with James Cagney and a lot of other acting stalwarts. Mr. Cagney appears as a drunken journalist, who falls flat on his face in the gutter one riotously wet evening, hears the warning whirr of "angel feathers," swears off the bottle for good and keeps his promise, and manages to straighten out a number of his colleagues. In cold print, this sounds a tedious story, but in point of fact it is remarkably exciting, and makes a better film, I think, than *The Lost Week-End*.

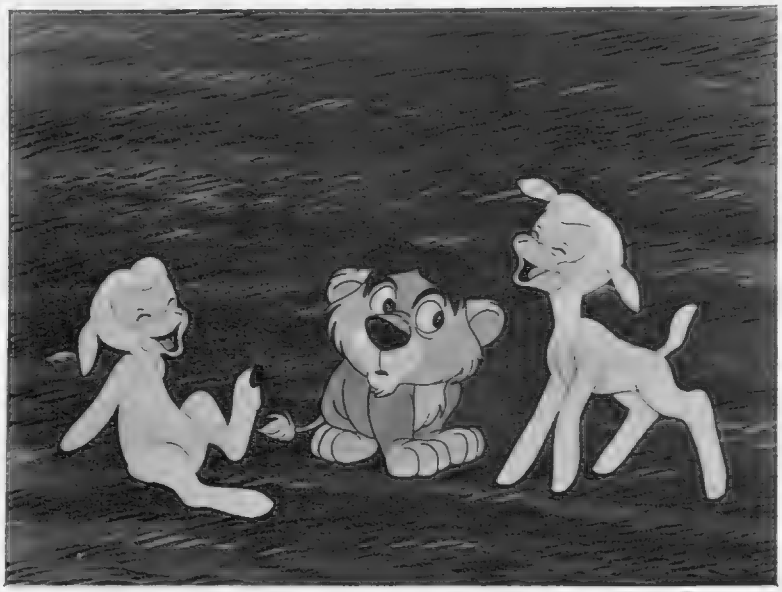


MRS. PUTTS — By PETER ENDER

Last out of the bundle : the postman stork, having delivered a mass of white, woolly lambs, shakes out an odd-looking, furry, yellow ball ; Lambert has arrived, a bewildered and bewildering little lion among lambs.

The sheep who was forgotten : Lambert finds a ewe without a lamb and runs to her ; she claims him delightedly and won't relinquish him to the stork, who flies off in a huff, saying, "The customer is always right."

Lambert delightedly watches the lambs gambolling and decides to join in ; when he does, he falls head-over-heels, can only respond to their bleats with a "meow," can't butt ; looks wrong, feels wrong, *is* wrong.



The lambs all laugh at the dismayed Lambert and sing a jeering song. To its accompaniment he slinks back to his mother, who comforts him, but his reflection in a stream assures him there is plenty to worry about.

"The Sketch" Introduces to British Cinemagoers . . .

LAMBERT THE LION

Walt Disney's newest character makes his first appearance here. He is the baby lion whom a careless stork bundled up with a delivery of lambs ; they are one short and Lambert claims the disappointed ewe, to their mutual satisfaction. Trouble starts next day when Lambert tries to play with the lambs. He can't bleat, he can't butt : to them he is altogether wrong and they let him know it, teasing horridly. His mother comforts him, but the sight of his reflection in a stream makes him sadly conscious of being "yellow all through." Although he grows up (to his mother's pride) three times bigger than the lambs, he is still their butt. One night a wolf comes to attack the flock and picks on Lambert in mistake for a sheep. The young lion is terrified ; it is only when his mother is menaced that he discovers his lion strength and drives the attacker over a cliff. He is now the hero of the flock who "chair" him triumphantly ; his own triumph is a hoarse "Baa."

Lambert has saved his mother, and the flock, by driving off a marauding wolf. The lambs (now grown-up, like himself) who used to mock, now cheer. He is their hero ; born to be king of the jungle, he is proud and pleased to be acknowledged king of the pasture.

Edinburgh

The annual Charity Ball, organised by the residents of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh in aid of the Scottish National Institution for War Blinded, went with a splendid swing of kilts on January 18. Lord Tweedale was a patron, but was unfortunately ill and unable to go; the Lord and Lady Provost of Edinburgh, Mr. and Mrs. James Miller, were there, as well as the chiefs from the Royal Infirmary and nearly 900 guests. Scots country dances were performed, and there was a cabaret by artists who were acting at theatres in the town at the time. Dr. James S. Manson, the Convener, tells us that it is hoped there will be several hundred pounds for the charity.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by John Wilds.

Under a glistening chandelier looking like an inverted, full-skirted dancer itself, Dr. and Mrs. A. T. B. Dickson dance the Scottish Reform at the ball; behind them is a vista of the large and thronged Assembly Rooms where Edinburgh made merry in a good cause between 8 p.m. and 3 a.m.

Dr. Lindsay Lamb and Mrs. John Gillies, whose husband acted as anæsthetist at the King's leg operation.

Mr. W. G. McArthur, Mr. John Gavin (Chairman of the Scottish National Institute for the Blind, in aid of which the ball was held) and Mrs. J. McEwen sit out during the ball.

Everyone had a good time; the expressions of this quartet are proof of that. Left to right, Professor R. J. Kellar of the Royal Infirmary, Mrs. Kellar, Mrs. Duncan and Dr. A. S. Duncan.

Charity Ball

Dr. John Gillies whirls his pretty daughter round in an eightsome reel ; many Scots country dances were enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. James Miller, Lord and Lady Provost of Edinburgh, sit watching and enjoying the cabaret among some of the guests. Mrs. Miller wore very attractive long earrings—single brilliants framed in black circles ; pearls and flowers were the most popular form of decoration.

Brave in bare feet and gay in gingham, the cabaret performers line up. They are artists playing at theatres in Edinburgh who gave their services for the charity ; a rather slack rope can be seen marking off the guests' territory. The Assembly Rooms provided ample space and comfort, including sitting-out armchairs of the good old Victorian type, with wings to protect the head from draughts.

[*Continued overleaf.*

Dr. and Mrs. William Dunnan stop for cigarettes. He was an R.A.F. fighter pilot during the war and one of the very few to survive a crash at over 300 m.p.h.

Miss M. McGubbin, Dr. A. A. Gunn of the Royal Infirmary, Dr. J. D. McDonald and Mrs. J. D. McDonald sit out; Miss McGubbin's dress has a bright, diamanté halter.

Dr. M. W. Macdonald of the Royal Infirmary swings Miss A. Gillies round in an eightsome reel. He wears a kilt; she white satin.

Miss Doreen Leighton and Dr. A. T. Bruce, of the Royal Infirmary, sit out on the stairs.

Edinburgh Charity Ball (Contd.)

Our Fashion Portfolio by Elizabeth Penrose

1. MAKE IT A GOTHIC-GREY SPRING

With butter yellow . . .

For the first major buy for Spring, a suit to wear on warm days in town, with a lightweight top-coat for transit and protection from seasonal gales—one of those wonderful three-pieces that see you through from breakfast to cocktail-time. This one has a suit in Gothic Grey worsted flannel, the stuff that stands up to anything, anywhere. The revers are high, the skirt slim. The swagger is in a jig-saw check—butter yellow with grey—with tuxedo fronts in matching flannel. By Ian Meredith ; at Alexandrine of Nottingham ; Chanelle of Bournemouth ; Lambert of Guildford.

With touches of black . . .

The single-breasted slack jacket is back from wherever it 's been, and once again fundamental to smooth-working wardrobes. This one is shaped like that old friend the school blazer, but with a fashionable look about the cuffed pockets, black velvet collar and smoky pearl buttons. The skirt has inverted pleats. The material is, of course, Gothic Grey worsted, to meet the Spring with perfect composure. An Ian Meredith suit, from Elizabeth March, Brompton Road ; Chanelle of Bournemouth. Wear it with Madge Chard's black velvet pill-box.

French (at his salon in Curzon Place, Park Lane) does a new version of the short curly cut. It is a no-parting style brushed back and up. Wispy curls give width at the temples.

Andreas of Albemarle Street dresses short hair with Grecian softness round the face; bunches curls in the nape. He brings back the kiss-curl.

Vasco of Dover Street razor-cuts naturally wavy hair three inches long all over the head. (Straight hair is treated to a "Hair Bubbles" perm.) He brushes it up from the neck, without a parting.

Our Fashion Portfolio 2. LEAP-YEAR STYLES

The spring will bring with it from distinguished Mayfair hairdressers a crop of hair styles which, all fairly short, still display the fashionable small-head look. There is a feeling for forward curls over the ears, feathery or bouffant fringes, and "bubbly" styles which are all the prettier for constant brushing. The accent will be on the shorter line, but long hair, or the pin-on chignon that pops up from time to time, will not be left quite out of the picture.

The new, younger, softer and more amenable coiffures depend especially on the glossiness, texture and "body" of the hair, and on a perfect permanent wave. Precision shaping, or "effleurage," as Antoine calls it, will be used to prune the hair to give an impression of volume to the shorter length. Steiner's cream "Sebosyn" will nourish the scalp, and the subtle magic of the modern hair rinse, in the hands of the colour specialist, can introduce the warmest, softest tones into even the dullest hair. This Leap-Year there is really no excuse for being "mouse."

Below: Truefitt and Hill of Old Bond Street do a bubble set—easy, young and casual. There is a becoming double fringe.

Below: René of Grosvenor Street dresses hair which is longer than it looks, upwards to embrace the crown. On each side he carries it forward over the ears; adds a featherweight chignon for evening.

Elizabeth Arden of Old Bond Street introduces a new line which is bouffant on one side—good for the asymmetrical spring hats. A very smooth and shining top, a pretty hair line, shadow waves and feathery curls just touching the cheek.

Steiner of Grosvenor Street sponsors the "Shear" cut little fringe, worn brow-line high. Hair is drawn back from the temple, secured with a small crisp ribbon and the "tails" dressed in curves over the ear.

Antoine of Dover Street has designed a light coquettish fringe with a hint of Directoire about it. Soft, wispy curls over the forehead are held in place by a ribbon or, for dressed-up occasions, flowers.

Riché of Hay Hill cuts hair short at the back, moves fullness from the sides to the front in brushed-out tapered tendril ends. A little half-fringe springs over one temple.

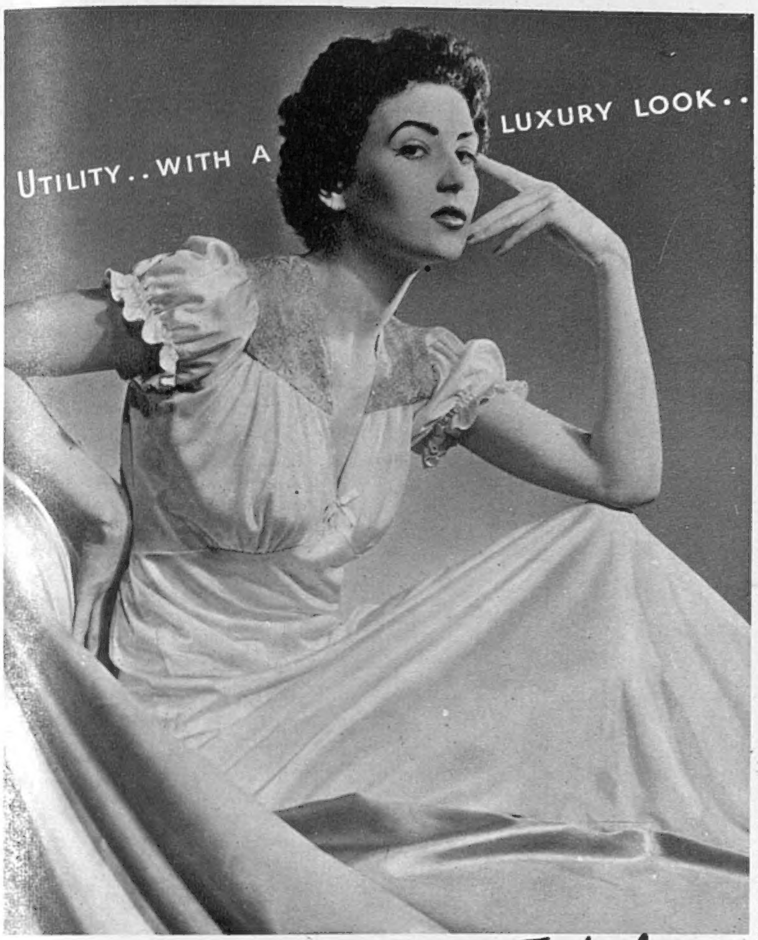
Our Fashion Portfolio

3. For the Slender Purse:

For the woman who is now rather tired of wearing and hearing about "pencil" skirts and "reed slim" styles, here are two Spring dresses designed with abundantly pleated skirts which, like the kilt, swing out attractively in motion and (so Scotsmen tell us) keep you warm round the knees.

Above: A *Lady in Tweed* dress in a small black-and-white check. The bodice is fastened with little black boot buttons and belted with narrow patent leather. £6 16s. at John Barker of Kensington; Alexander Wilkey of Edinburgh; Eugène of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Right: *Wolsey's* fine wool jersey dress, casual, warm and comfortable and with a refreshing absence of trimming. It has a wide velvet belt, a wealth of pleats in the skirt. Choose it in bronze green. £14 12s. at Harvey Nichols, Handley's of Southsea, John Sanders of Ealing.



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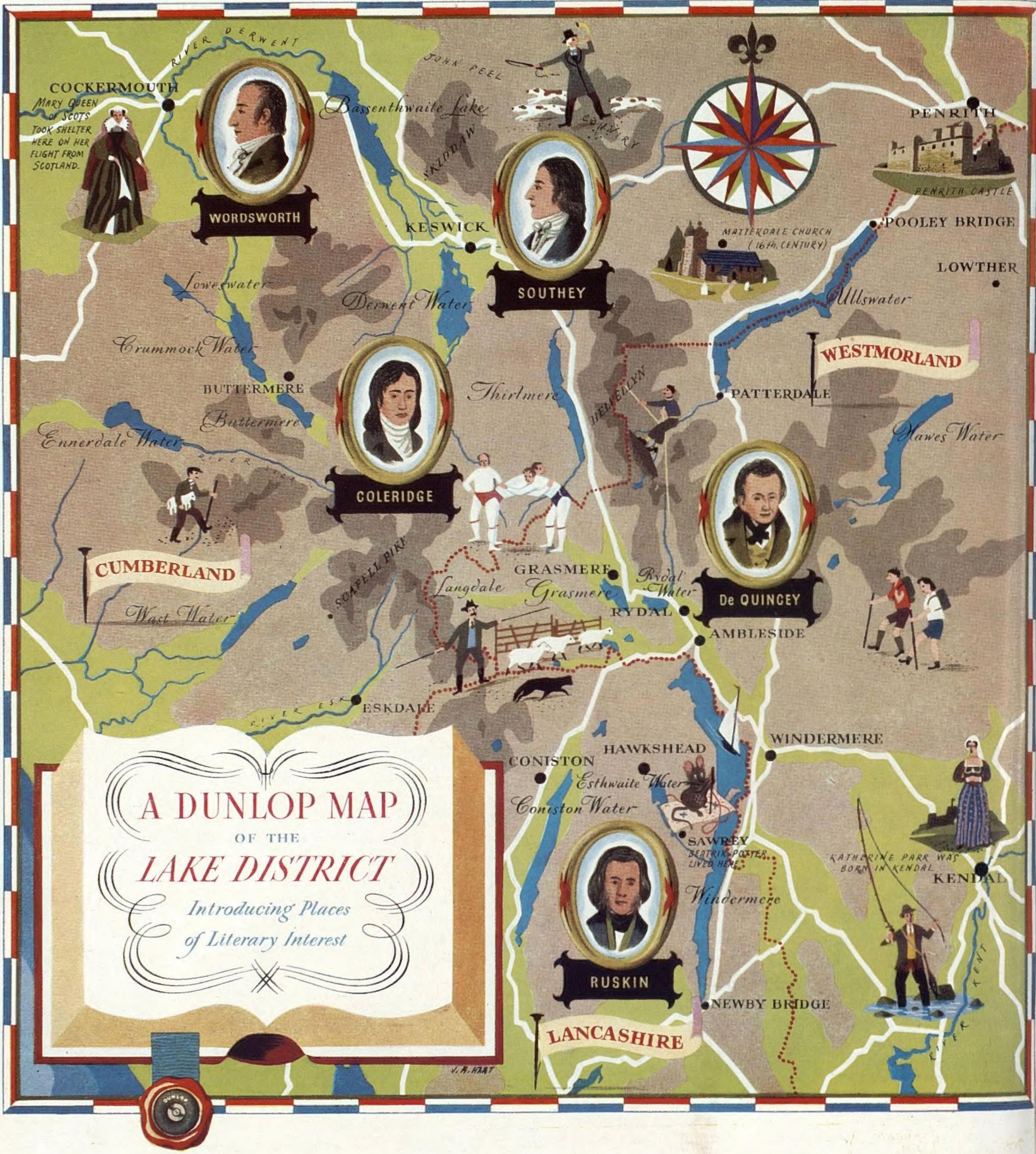

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